

Father Is In Insurance and Out Most Nights

In my father's car
parked outside the commission flats
in Surrey Road South Yarra
where my mother's best friend lives,
my brother is beeping the horn but
I don't think it blasts
all the way to the eleventh floor.

That hand on the horn
is the only thing
that can flush my father's face.

We wait and wait:
the pitch of night surrounds us like an island.
In green trees and dark bushes
the hood of the car is as mysterious as undergrowth.
What's he *doing*?
boredom descends on us
with the darkness
and we see the moon like a trimmed fingernail
that seems to smile. Its light comes slanting
through the windscreen dimly and I am
dumb with knowledge I cannot name.

My mother waits for the three of us
our dinner cold and the lights out
to save on bills.

We end up paying anyway.

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